

Memorial Day in Honesdale

(Continued From Page One.)

Attorney Garratt's Address.

Attorney Garratt, in memory to the unknown dead, said in part:

We are drawing to the close of the first half century after the great Civil War. Nearly fifty years have passed since the battle of Gettysburg on whose field lie thousands of unknown dead. After every great battle there always remains on the field hundreds, yes, thousands, whose remains, torn, mangled and fragmentary cannot be identified. Whatever can be found is gathered up, thrown into trenches by the survivors, and too often so slightly covered with ground that a few rains remove the covering and expose the flesh and bones to the action of the elements, and to the gaze of human sight.

No tablet, no monument, ever can be erected which will show in what spot or place the mortal remains of such a soldier repose. No sister, brother, wife or mother can ever identify the place where their loved ones sleep and there plant a flower in memory of him so dear to them.

As individuals, the resting place of thousands of the world's bravest men are unknown and never can be known, but we honor them, respect them and appreciate what they have done. No truer saying was ever writ than this: "By their deeds ye shall know them."

To-day we are engaged in a solemn duty. We have come to commemorate not only their heroic death, but their lives and their deeds.

So great was the sacrifice, and so many were the lives that were lost, that if we plucked every flower that is growing to-day in this fair land, and deposited them upon the graves of our brave soldiers, the tribute would not be big enough. The debt of gratitude never has and never can be paid.

While we honor those who passed away in the heat of battle let us not forget those who, as if by some miracle, survived. They were just as brave, just as loyal, just as eager, and a few of them are here with us to-day.

Every last man of those with us who wears the blue has been upon his country's altar, ready as a human sacrifice for the cause for which they stood, never flinching, never shirking, ever ready to bear their country's burdens.

Let us work together to promote the work for which they so nobly wrought. Let us take from their example a lesson of usefulness, and resolve that come what will we too will stand by our country.

Attorney C. P. Searle's Address.

Memorial day is one of the most important days in our community and national life. We have assembled to-day with these venerable men of the Grand Army of the Republic in memory of a war having the noblest cause and the most glorious victory ever achieved by the sons of men. It was a war of tremendous dimensions. Over two thousand battles involving over 3,000,000 men. Great and unselfish motives and impulses sent men into the conflict and kept them there. On battlefield and in prison pen they faltered not, but in life and in death rendered to their country and their flag the fullest, truest, measure of loyal, patriotic devotion while those at home toiled and agonized and prayed. All honor then to the men and women of the sixties who wrought and fought and sacrificed and died for issues more sacred to them than life itself.

There are subjects upon which nothing new can be said, but which still arouse the favor awakened at their first enunciation. If the song was true when it started on its journey, it will be sung as long as human hearts vibrate and tongues retain the gift of speech.

It will be lapsed by those tottering on toward the end, and echoed by hearts filled with the promise and glow of youth. If the product was genuine when it passed from the Creator's hand, it will neither be dimmed by age, nor cheapened by familiarity; for honor is not decreased by contact and truth is never out of tune. This is an age when search is tireless for the new and marvelous, but we must not only seek the new, we must remember the old. For the newest is not always the best. The date or lustre of the coin does not determine its metal. The substance may be plain and unobtrusive and still be gold. The paintings of modern times have evoked the praise of critics, and yet thousands still pay homage to an older genius. Modern literature is ablaze with beauty and with power, and yet millions are going, and will go tonight, to an old and thumb-worn text for their final consolation.

And so it is today. Everything good, everything beautiful and impressive that may be said of these heroes of ours rings true in our ears because it is merely the expression of the universal appreciation and affection that we feel for them and the noble work they performed in defense of our national integrity and our national life. And as we meet with the survivors of that mighty conflict and decorate the graves of their departed comrades with flowers and the flag they preserved for us, we see in retrospect the scenes of the darkest period of our national life.

Prior to the civil war there were great differences of opinion respecting the character of the new government.

The South affirmed that it was merely a voluntary association of sovereign states, subject to be dissolved at the election of any one of its members. The North maintained that it was a Union, inseparable, indivisible, perpetual. Out of that disparity of belief, earnestly entertained and energetically defended, there had arisen, heated discussions, bitter controversy, crimination and re-crimination; all to be decided, irrevocably, to be decided forever, to be

decided in accordance with the decree of an all wise Providence at Antietam, Vicksburg, Appomattox and Gettysburg.

It was a great war, something that we cannot see close to, as we cannot see all of a mountain while we are climbing it. We can only see it when many miles separate us from it. Then it towers up and dominates all the plain. Those who lived in and through the war could feel it, but could not see the size of it as we looking back are able to. We can now look through the perspective of history and realize what it means that out of the four millions of men who went out only three-quarters of a million came back. Not only because of its size but because of its kind it was a great war. A war between brother and brother. Men who had lived together played together and studied together went out to fight each other. Those who had marched side by side at West Point faced each other over the muzzles of guns and the glancing of steel bayonet. There is no war in history that takes in the size of this war when we measure the chasm it opened up in human hearts.

No imagination, however vigorous, can picture the tragedy of that war. Think of the terrible loss of life, the tremendous destruction of treasure, of the firesides ruined, of the hearthstones desolated, of the families beggared the national wretchedness and misery, of the individual suffering and sacrifice and death. Think of the faithful husband as he renounces the sweet and tender associations of home, the devoted wife, the cherished children, and then think of him on the bloody field of battle slowly dying of a mortal wound—and all for principal, all for liberty, all to preserve a united government of indelible states one and indissoluble, then and forever. Think of the dutiful son, the silent joy of his mother, the support of an aged father—think of his farewell to those parents—a farewell not until tomorrow, not until next week but farewell until they all shall stand before the judgment bar of God. Then think of the suitor as he says farewell to his sweetheart—suddenly the drums beat, the advance is sounded, and they must part for a time, it may be forever. Think of that hero as he marches away to the strident music of the fife and the drum.

"His not to reason why His but to do and die."

And then think of him at Shiloh or in the wilderness yielding up his young life that the great Republic may remain.

We try to measure all the sorrow and the sacrifice, and we are stupefied with horror. The eyes grow dim, the lips are silent, the heart is still. There are names we do not know and graves we cannot find. There are messages that never come, and mournful whispers carried in the weeping winds to breaking hearts that never cease to break, yet cannot die. There are memories that time will not obliterate, and familiar footsteps that will ever echo and re-echo in the corridors of the imagination. And there are strains of music weird and gay and sweet and sad which transport all the past upon their matchless melody. And even to this day there are tears that will not dry and sobs that cannot break in tears. Oh, how superb, how magnificent, how glorious, how cruel, how terrible, how remorseless, is war to the victorious and to the vanquished.

The fortunes of the civil war rested now with the North and not with the South until Abraham Lincoln heard above the roar of the storm that enveloped him, the low, smothered cry that demanded the freedom of a race. From that time on victory perched on the banners of the North and the army in blue not only repulsed the rebel in the North but met him in his own territory, drove him out of his strongest fortifications until there was not one spot left in all the vaunted southland where he dared to hoist the blood red flag of rebellion or fire another shot against the stars and stripes.

The war was an unspeakable calamity when we measure only the loss of life and treasure but when we try to measure the value of the work performed by the members of that Grand Army of the Republic, it becomes the greatest of blessings to us and to all posterity. There could be no new birth of freedom so long as the old institution of slavery existed. There could not be a perfect union of states until the doctrine of state rights perished by the sword. And out of that conflict there emerged the regenerated, the reunited, the real republic, which is now the marvel of all the civilized world. The conflict itself has become a priceless and imperishable memory. Its bloodiest battlefields cherished everywhere as sacred theatres upon which were illustrated the sublimest exhibitions of American endurance, American bravery, American patriotism.

The heroes of that war, whether robed in the blue of victory or the gray of defeat, each battled for a principle which he believed with every aspiration of his soul to be right, each rendered to his cause, the final measure of duty as he saw it. The incomparable valor of each is the treasured heritage of our common country. And it is our common country now. In the National Park at Chickamauga, the sovereign state of Kentucky, has erected a single memorial to her sons under Thomas and her sons under Bragg who fell in that decisive field. And on the marble is inscribed:

"As we are united in life and they in death, let one monument perpetuate their undying deeds, and one people forgetful of all the bitterness of the past ever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of the terrible conflict which made all men free, and retained every star upon our nation's flag."

Indeed, who can doubt that this is our common country after the memorable incidents of the Spanish war.

Where the Federal General, Merritt, and the Confederate General, Wheeler, stood side by side and shoulder to shoulder under the beautiful banner of the free. The declaration of war in 1898 was a trumpet call to duty. It unified this country as no other agency could have done. Instantly a million of men were ready to respond to the cries and they came from every city, from every town, from every village, from every hamlet in the broad land. For the first time in generations there was no North, no South, no East, no West—only a single country, with a single emblem and a single destiny. Thus fortified we proceeded from victory to victory. It was our supreme privilege to again banish European tyranny from the Occidental hemisphere. I do not wish to violate the proprieties of this occasion, but I have the profound conviction that there is no place in the territory of this western continent for any but American institutions; there is no room in the atmosphere of this western world for any but the American flag.

Our past is magnificent—what of the future. Today we are the most important people on earth, today we are the most progressive, today we are the most powerful. The United States of America is the best government organized by man. No other nation so nearly approaches absolute equality, no other Republic ever survived half so long without a successful revolution, and every additional star we imprint upon our banner is a perpetual evidence that we are resolved to advance throughout all eternity.

What great questions may arise in the future to divide great parties, sever friendships and threaten the very foundations of the Republic we cannot know. The thinking consecrated bayonet was needed to decide the questions of the Civil war but the thinking consecrated ballot shall suffice to decide all questions that may perplex us in the future.

For when we think how the whole nation led by Abraham Lincoln went down into the valley of the shadow of death and the agony of spirit thro' which every patriot passed, and the hundreds of thousands of lives, and the hundreds of millions of treasures and the unlimited suffering of the people, we can never forget the cause that was thereby maintained and the principles of free government that were thereby vindicated.

I am not depressed by the pessimism that characterizes some modern philosophy. On the contrary, I have unlimited faith in the great Republic.

A nation that is capable of producing George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton; that is capable of producing Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster; that is capable of producing Abraham Lincoln—that mysterious mixture of melancholy and merriment of laughter and tragedy, of mirth and tears. When the nineteenth century shall assemble its illustrious dead in their final Pantheon there will be Napoleon for France, Gladstone for Great Britain, Bismark for Germany, Tolstoy for Russia, and for America the grandest personality in all modern history; the emancipator, the martyr, the man, Abraham Lincoln.

A nation that is capable of producing Grant and McKinley, men of the highest type of patriots.

A nation capable of producing such a citizenship and inspiring it with such a patriotism must have a marvelous future. And it shall go onward forever, surmounting one obstacle after another until it shall attain an approximately perfect day when it shall seize, hold and reflect the glory and grandeur of all the earth and no decoration shall be so exclusive, no dignity so exceptional, no distinction so great as citizenship in the United States of America.

THREE CONVENTIONS IN THREE DAYS.

Last week was convention week in part of Wayne county. Three conventions in three successive days! Yet the Bull Moose, the Elephant and the Donkey were all conspicuous by their absence, and no shouts of "Votes for Women" marred the peacefulness of the gatherings. Wild animals were not allowed, and the women had all the votes they needed for these were Sunday school conventions. They were held in Sterling, Hawley and Damascus districts respectively.

You see I know all about it. The president of the Wayne County Sunday School Association attended these conventions in his official capacity, also in his automobile. Now this automobile is a roomy, hospitable machine. It might almost be called the S. S. bus. Last Sunday for example, it conveyed eleven of us safely to Sunday school. Consequently, the small convention party composed of the county president, his wife, and the pastor of the Damascus M. E. church, felt that it needed recruits. So it happened that I attended the conventions in an unofficial capacity, enjoyed them heartily and realized more than ever before the interest of Wayne county in Sunday school work.

From Damascus, we traveled over fairly good roads through Fallsdale, Girland, Honesdale, Prompton and Waymart to South Canaan.

There we enjoyed a delightful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Underwood. Those who know Mr. Underwood—and they are many in number—know the magnificent work he has to his credit in Wyoming conference. With all his other duties, he finds time to give his hearty support and sympathy to the new methods of Sunday school work.

After leaving Mr. Underwood's, we journeyed through Gravity to Sterling where the first convention was held Tuesday, May 20.

The Methodist church at Sterling with its beautiful memorial windows is a building of which the people may well be proud. This church has lately welcomed Rev. John Tuttle as its pastor.

Some of the Sunday school workers feared that the men would be kept from attendance because of the farm work at home, nevertheless a number of men were present, particularly in the afternoon and evening.

The convention proceedings were in charge of Friend Robacker of Newfoundland, who has been the faithful president of Sterling district during the past year.

State worker, Rev. George Dowey, arrived from Scranton, and addressed the convention afternoon and evening. Mr. Dowey's presence was an inspiration to all three conventions. He showed us how little we have done compared with the great amount that we might do.

At the close of the morning and afternoon sessions, the ladies of Sterling served bountiful meals in their church basement where every one gave the visitors a cordial welcome.

Our party was entertained for the night at the hospitable homes of J. E. and S. N. Cross. The next morning, with our number increased by the addition of Rev. George Dowey, we journeyed to Gravity, the scene of the next convention.

The beautiful weather of the first part of our trip had changed into a cold, dismal rain. In spite of that fact, however, the P. O. S. of A. hall at Gravity was well filled with enthusiastic S. S. workers. This convention somewhat resembled a ministerial meeting for we had with us the following clergymen: Underwood, Kopp, Slicker, Treat, Tuttle, Renville, Hanton and Dowey.

George Ammerman, the president of the Hawley district, who resides at Gravity, has the work much at heart.

The Gravity ladies certainly sustained their reputation as generous hostesses.

The addresses of the different sessions were listened to with close attention and every one left the convention with new interest in S. S. work.

Thursday morning, we were riding over wet, muddy roads to Calkins in our own district of Damascus. We reached there to find Rev. R. D. Minch of the Damascus Baptist church, leading an enthusiastic song service. Although the weather was most unfavorable, some delegates drove eight or ten miles to reach the convention.

The absence of the Calkins ladies from the morning session was fully accounted for when we entered the Grange hall where very appetizing meals were served.

A new feature of this convention was the informal talk on graded S. S. work given by Rev. Dowey to some teachers who had asked for special instruction. His evening address, "The Winning of 100,000," closed the last convention of the three.

No one, after attending these conventions, could doubt that Wayne county is intensely interested in S. S. work. At the same time, we must be on our guard or we will be going backward.

In 1911 Wayne county received a front line banner at the State convention. In order to retain that banner, at least 21 schools of our 100 or more, must have fully qualified teacher training classes that have passed one examination. Has the teacher training class in your school been dissolved or allowed to fall into oblivion. If so, resurrect it, or organize a new one. See that the class answers the State requirements.

Then when the State convention meets in Williamsport in October and the roll of front line counties is called, Wayne may answer with all the enthusiasm at her command, "Present!"

MILANVILLE.

Milanville, May 26.

J. J. McCullough landed a wall-eyed pike weighing nine pounds while W. R. Skinner caught two very large ones the same day.

Miss Myrtle Lassley, who has been studying music in Chicago during the winter, arrived home Saturday.

Mrs. Benj. Kays entertained a number of ladies from the Milanville Aid society on Thursday last. Owing to the rainy day many who would have been present were compelled to forego the pleasure. The afternoon was pleasantly spent enjoying the music of piano and violin, the latter being played by the host, Mrs. Kays is the possessor of many beautiful heirlooms. A bountiful supper was served.

The following is from the Caznovia Republican: The address given by Dr. Charles Drake Skinner, of the Seminary, on "Education for Efficiency," before the Caznovia Business Men's Association at their annual banquet, was one of the finest addresses, if not the finest address upon education ever delivered in this village.

Mrs. W. B. Yerkes spent a few days last week in Port Jervis. She was accompanied home by Miss May Boucher.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dexter have infant sons while Mr. and Mrs. Odell have a baby daughter.

Three horses belonging to Earl Barnes are having distemper.

Mr. and Mrs. Merlin Illman, of Narrowsburg, were in town last week. Mr. Illman wishes to locate in Milanville if he can purchase a property.

Mrs. John Pulls and sons returned to Binghamton Friday last.

Several from here attended the Union Memorial services at the M. E. church Sunday and were favorably impressed by Rev. Renville's address.

Mrs. W. D. Yerkes went to Port Jervis Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Page spent Wednesday at Bethel.

Mrs. Mogridge and son Malner spent the week with the former's parents at Lockout.

Miss Sue Rockwell returned to Jersey City Monday after a pleasant visit with the Mesdames Connor and Nichols.

Mrs. Mary Appley has returned to her home at Damascus.

Mrs. David Calkins, of Boyds Mills and Mrs. Joseph Reynolds, of Milanville, have gone to Binghamton to see their sister, Mrs. Reeves Sampson, who recently underwent a critical operation at the Lestershire hospital. Mrs. Sampson's many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

Mrs. Ethel Edwards and Mrs. Alec Wood have been under the care of Dr. MacCrae during the past week. Mrs. Wood is still very ill.



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BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ACCOUNT of P. J. Keary, guardian of Kate Carey, a person of feeble mind, now deceased. Notice is hereby given that the first and final account of the guardian above named will be presented to the court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, for approval, on the third Monday of June, and will be confirmed absolutely by said Court (sec. reg.) on Thursday, June 13, 1913, unless exceptions are filed.

WALLACE J. BARNES, Prothonotary, Honesdale, Pa., May 26, 1913.

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DISTILLER'S SECURITY CO. MAY GO TO WALL.

It is rumored that the Distiller's Security Company will go into the hands of a receiver. The stock opened on Wednesday at 14 1/4 and broke to 10 on the report.

Advertising Brings Customers
Advertising Keeps Customers
Advertising Insures Success

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the third Monday of June next—viz:

First and final account of J. C. Burcher, administrator of the estate of Thomas L. Burcher, Damascus.

First and final account of Frank L. Bedell, administrator of the estate of Helen J. Bedell, Dyberry.

First and final account of Jane Leorcher, administratrix of the estate of John Leorcher, Honesdale.

First and final account of Homer Greene, administrator of the estate of Charles H. Mills, Lake.

First and final account of Charles J. Stevens, administrator of William F. Stevens, Sterling.

First and final account of John W. Hazleton, administrator of the estate of Angeline H. Masters, Sterling.

First and final account of Helen K. Robacker now intermarried with O. W. Megargel, administratrix of the estate of Mary Robacker, Sterling.

First and final account of Minnie Townsend, executrix of the estate of Lee Calvin Smith, Lake.

First and final account of Adam T. Van Driessen and Walter N. Cornell, administrators of the estate of Ella Gilton, Honesdale.

First and final account of Kate Billard, administratrix of the estate of George Billard, Cherry Ridge.

First and final account of Elizabeth C. Lawyer, administratrix of the estate of Fred E. Lawyer, Honesdale.

W. B. LESHER, Recorder, 4013.

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